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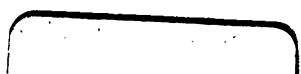
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Music as an auxiliary to Religion.

AN

ADDRESS

BEFORE

THE HANDEL SOCIETY

OF

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,

April, 1841.

BY JOSEPH BARTLETT.

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ADDRESS.

Music has a language wonderful in its power, wide in its extent. There are few in whom she does not find an answering chord. Minds the most savage and uncultivated, no less than the civilized and refined, acknowledge her sway.

The *human soul* is not her only subject. She has a charm for natures more wild and savage than that of man. Her notes can quell the rage of the serpent, and hold him by a fascination more potent than his own. History has recorded an instance of her power yet stranger. In the chronicles of the Kings of Israel, we read of a mighty monarch who had subdued his earthly foes—of an invisible enemy—one of the darkest and most malignant foes of the human race, haunting and vexing his unquiet soul—we read too of a shepherd boy whose harp exorcised the foul spirit.

The human voice is not her only instrument. The order of beings below us, has been called the mute creation, but they are not all mute; some of

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DETROIT

them utter sounds of the richest and most varied melody. The return of this spring was welcomed by other voices than ours. Morning is hailed by aerial choirs. Voices welcome the rising sun, sweet as those which his first beams once drew from the statue of the fabled Memnon.

Such is the tendency even of inanimate nature to music, that it has been said "that the mingled hum of her sounds and the distant murmur of a city, produce invariably the letter F in music." And thus her shrillest and her gravest, her rudest and her gentlest, her meanest and her grandest sounds all join in a mighty unison. The experiment may be easily made. There are beautiful sea shells

"Of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the Sun's palace porch; where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

To the wondering ear of childhood, those

"Sonorous cadences expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea."

But philosophy says that those "murmurings within" are but echoes from a world without, that when the air is stillest, there are yet sounds floating in it unheard by us, which those "curious convolutions" may receive and return audibly to our ears. A comparison of those shells with the tones

of a musical instrument will show us that whatever be their varieties of form and size, whether their undulations are low and gentle, like the

*Ποτὶς κυμάτων
Ανέξιδμον γέλασμα,*

"The innum'rous smile of the ocean wave,"

or like its hoarser, deeper roll, F is the common key note of all those mimic waves.

While the sounds of nature are thus tending to a majestic unison, she has her deep harmony too, in which all things animate and inanimate unite.

Have you never listened to her concerts?

Go forth then to one of her cathedrals, a mighty forest. Let it be one of those bright days of autumn, when the first hue of death, far more beautiful than any color of life, is staining the deep foliage. All things around remind you of the Gothic temple, which, it is said, has been copied from this cathedral of nature. The grey elm and silver birch are rising in clustered columns. Groined arches spring on every side from the light and graceful pillars. The narrow and pointed Gothic windows are not wanting, and never has the light of day fallen more beautifully through the stained glass of "oriel windows," than it now steals through the rich and varied hues of the autumnal foliage. High above all, numerous pines lift their dark and fantastic turrets.

And now hear the anthem which peals through the long aisles, and reverberates from the 'fretted

vaults' above us. The roar of the river, the ripple of the brook, the hum of insects, the cry of animals, the voices of birds, the murmur of the forest, the rushing wind—all form a mighty chorus.

At Haerlem is an organ, which was once accounted the wonder of the world, but Freyburg now has one nobler—where the astonished traveller hears music such as he had known but in his dreams before—yet what are they with their hundred stops and their thousands of pipes, compared with that organ from which arises the music of nature, which we may all hear? Their deepest diapason is but a whisper, when her bass rolls forth in the thunder, or the surges of the sea.

The external symbols and characters of music are confined to no age nor nation. The lapse of time has but slightly modified their original form. Call her disciples from the centuries that are gone, collect them from the present, place before them her magic signs, and they shall need no interpreter. But while they read her few silent characters, the stream of harmony shall flow, with a tide now gentle, now wild, but ever full and unbroken. No foreign accent, shall deform, no obsolete or provincial dialect corrupt her pure and faultless diction.

Such is Music in her power, taming the wildest natures; such is her spoken language, the voice of all nature; such in her written symbols, the only vernacular tongue of the civilized world.

Her uses are alike extensive. War has not disdained to seek her aid. His serried legions move to her strains. The din of battle loses its terror,

while the roll of drums, the clash of cymbals, the "air-shattering" trumpets are drowning the cries of pain.

Even the booming cannon is no more remembered as a fatal engine. Its iron volleys are forgotten—its report is not heard as the death knell of brave men, but as a solemn accompaniment to the music of the martial bands. The fallen hero is carried to his grave to the slow dead march, and anon, those wailing sounds are exchanged for the more joyful notes by which the victory is announced.

But the peculiar province of music is amid gentler scenes.

"Oh! day, thrice lovely,"

has a poet sung,

When at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow man among his fellow men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals; and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
The soft peace-march beats—home, brothers, home."

The songs of peace are her delight. To the villager, she sings of the distant glittering world—to the weary traveller of rest.

When the Swiss exile hears the Ranz des vaches of his native country, familiar scenes arise to his view. Frowning mountains overhang deep ravines. Green fields and placid lakes smile amid everlasting glaciers. The chamois bounds among the rocks above his cottage—the bells of the herd are tinkling on every side—the Alpine horn

echoes among the mountains, and his soul yearns for home.

She has ancient ballads for the curious, merry songs for the gay. Notes of joy has she for the festival, tones of woe for the funeral. Speaking the language of passion, no base, no unworthy emotion through her finds utterance. Anger, jealousy, hatred, change her chords to discord—they become like sweet “bells jangled.” Love, joy, and every happier emotion speak through her, and even grief has her own plaintive and sorrowful note.

But she has a language higher than that of passion—it is the language of devotion—of Music in this relation I would speak—of Music as an auxiliary to Religion.

The objects, the characteristics, the dignity, and the destiny of sacred music present themselves as separate topics of thought.

Her objects are two-fold.

Her first work is confined to the human soul. She is to kindle the flame of devotion in the worldly, and excite the languishing affections of the religious mind, and thus aid both on their journey upward from this transitory life. He who formed the soul needs no intermediate agency to draw it unto himself. His power is independent of all the circumstances of life. Yet in the spiritual, as in the natural world, He is wont to use means for the accomplishment of his wise and benevolent ends. The wayward heart of man

He influences in a thousand different ways—sometimes by the judgements which overtake his transgressions sometimes by the mercies that strew his daily path, sometimes by fearful threatenings and again by gracious reasonings and entreaties.

The services of the holy sanctuary point out most clearly the path of life. The word of God speaks of reconciliation, the voice of the preacher seconds the appeals of the written word, and then music comes with her soothing voice, to calm the wild passions of the soul, to subdue its obduracy, and point its too ardent gaze from the “things of time and sense” to its own high destiny. Who has heard with an unmoved or careless heart, the beautiful air of Handel, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” or the other, “He shall lead his flock like a shepherd,” or the mournful and solemn chorus, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world?”

The soul may have uttered its emotions to no ear—it may hardly dared whisper its secret thoughts to itself, yet at such times, it may have been wavering on the point of decisions whose results require eternity for their unfolding.

It is a strong man armed that holdeth his castle in the “town of Mansoul,” and there sometimes cometh a mightier than he, to do battle with the sword and the spear—but who shall say that those towers may not fall to gentler sounds than the confused noise of battle; as did the walls of that beleaguered city of old.

To attribute such results invariably, or even ordinarily, to sacred music, would be far from the truth. We have all been taught by painful experience, how the devotional feelings may be disturbed by the unskilful essays of those whose intentions are certainly most praiseworthy. Emotions are often called forth which it is the very province of sacred music to repress and prevent.

Her legitimate end, however, is always the same. She seeks to elevate and ennoble the soul—to inspire it with holier purposes and better hopes—to animate it on its toilsome way, with the thought that the songs of its pilgrimage, often sung here with a cold heart and faltering tongue are but a prelude to higher strains hereafter.

The second object which sacred music has in view, and to which the first is subordinate, is the worship of God.

The Creator receives no new honor from the praise of men. Were he rendered more glorious by acts of worship, there are principalities and powers that forever bow in his immediate presence—"bright morning stars" that have never fallen from a world of light, who sing his glory.

Yet far, far below those unseen regions is a distant world which has left its first allegiance. It is still fair and beautiful though its former glory has departed, and all its wonderful phenomena and varied scenes speak of the powerful wisdom that formed it. To that anthem of praise, which ever rises from it in a solemn and harmonious

strain, the shining firmament above makes response. Doubtless the Creator is well pleased when "these his works do praise Him," but there is worship more acceptable than this.

Upon this earth which looks so permanent, and beneath those stars that seem unquenchable, there walks a being more enduring than they—whose existence is bounded by no limit of time. The earth shall pass away, and this glorious firmament shall be folded like a vesture, and they shall be seen no more. Man too shall pass away, apparently more ephemeral, more transitory than they—but he shall not go hence like the fleeting shadow of a transient day. Other scenes await him, and death is but the gate of endless life.

It may be that he shall constitute a king, a priest in the hierarchy of heaven.

*'My inheritance! Oh how wide and fair
My birth-place, Time—of endless Life, I'm heir.'*

Invited to look up to such a destiny, assured that his daily steps are all ordered, that the very hairs of his head are all numbered, is it presumption in man to imagine himself an object of the kindest and strongest interest to his Maker—to believe that his own return to loyalty and allegiance will be hailed with a sincere welcome—that the voluntary affection of a free agent, the meek and humble worship of an immortal spirit will be well pleasing in His sight?

It is by no mysterious, arbitrary enactment that the Deity claims the supreme love and homage of

the soul—not because we lie powerless in his mighty hand, too feeble to resist his will, but because all his attributes and perfections deserve our highest love. He has formed the soul for his own glory—He has made it weak and dependant, that it might seek strength and wisdom from a source higher than itself. The human form was once assumed by Deity—human temptations and sufferings were encountered, and thus a new bond of sympathy and affection was established between man and his Maker. The penalty of a broken law was suffered by the law-giver—death and the grave lost their victory.

Such are the relations of the soul to God, and upon these grounds, its love and homage are demanded.

Wonderfully hath God attuned the human soul to his own praise. It is indeed a harp of many strings. Harsh and dissonant as are often its notes, it is capable of the richest harmony, and not unfrequently its imperfect and jarring chords are succeeded by the sweetest strains. But He has not left this inward harmony of the soul to rise silently, unexpressive. The sweetness of the human voice is a fit medium through which the immortal soul shall hold intercourse with its infinite source.

Thus have the devout of all ages approached Him. The songs of the kings, prophets and congregation of his ancient people are still on record. The early Christians worshipped God in hymns

and spiritual songs. And so shall it be until the end of time. Those who are but "strangers and sojourners" here, shall "cheat the toil and cheer the way" with music. Death shall not end their songs—for disembodied spirits tarry not in their flight, and the "new song" of that "house of habitation" will have been learned in their pilgrimage below.

Having alluded to the objects which sacred music proposes to itself, it remains to inquire, by what means shall these ends be secured; or in other words, what are the characteristics of that music which shall best promote our own devotions, and consequently be most acceptable to the Creator?

In view of the diversity of human tastes and opinions, it were a hopeless task to attempt to speak in detail of the characteristics of sacred music. It will be sufficient to touch in brief and general terms upon some of those evident principles, which, though receiving the common assent, need to be often repeated and impressed upon the mind.

Sacred music should be characterized in the first place, by a chaste and natural simplicity.

A simplicity there is, which is but a synonym for weakness and poverty. Its emblem may be found in those landscapes, in which the fair Della Cruscans of our age, after attaining to perfection in art by the drawing lessons of a quarter, delight to embody their ideas of rural life. A grassy bank

in the shade—a shepherdess in gown of white and ribbands of green, wielding the never failing badge of all shepherdesses, the mysterious crook—a shepherd with carmine cheeks and azure doublet playing the “oaten pipe,” with sympathising sheep listening around, complete their ideal of simplicity.

There is a simplicity of another kind which conveys to an unperverted taste an idea of all that is graceful and beautiful. It is the majestic simplicity of the great Wordsworth compared with the feeble and starveling attempts of his imitators, the harmless caricatures of his travestiers. It is the simple beauty of nature compared with those prim and square plots, whose central sunflower, and border of alternate hollyhocks and poppies attest the fond but ludicrous devotion of her admirers. All things are thus beautiful in their kind, as they come from the Creator’s hands. Causes from without disfigure and deform them. The officious zeal of man, where it would adorn, often does but blemish and destroy.

Beautiful are the trees standing in their native forest with pensile branches waving in the wind, and their leafy honors all unshorn—how pitiable and forlorn are they when the hands of man have hewn them into awkward trunks, or some gardener of the ancient regime has clipped them into birds and beasts and other fantastic caricatures of nature. “The river windeth at its own sweet will” through verdant landscapes as though reluctant to leave them—the art of man digs a canal

through low and barren tracts, along whose sedgy course the sluggish water scarcely moves. The motions of childhood are proverbially graceful, until it has learned the lessons of affectation and art.

Thus is it with the human voice. There is no sweeter instrument, until neglect and artificial constraints have changed its tones, and impaired its simplicity. For its natural modulations are substituted misnamed graces. The original air is then but the 'thema' of endless variations, the text of a cloudy and voluminous commentary. A host of unmeaning embellishments is put in requisition; sometimes too grotesque to allow us to retain our gravity, and again too dull and stale to excite our contempt. The voice now undulates in convulsive trills, and again ranges through chromatic successions. It seems to be wandering in quest of something which it has lost, and you smile incredulously when told that music is the object of its search. Not unfrequently you are reminded of the singer of Brentford described by Charles Lamb, whose voice moved forward like the earth around the sun; but it had another motion also, for like the earth, it revolved on its own axis.

Music has her own ornaments, her peculiar graces which may not be rejected. She should only be freed from those meretricious decorations with which unskilful hands would hide her native beauties. No ornaments of paste and tinsel, no gaudy and flaunting colors should invest her with a mock splendor.

She has her ornaments, but they are the living sapphire and imperial diamond; she has her habiliments, but they are like the graceful and flowing robes of the Roman matron. Thus arrayed, she moves forward with unconscious dignity, as though born to empire. No plebeian wonder at her own elevation disturbs the serenity of her noble brow. She does not merely please the ear and charm the fancy—a greater power is hers—to subdue and win the soul.

A second characteristic of sacred music should be dignity.

Her themes are the noblest. She leaves to others the loves and the hates, the joys and the sorrows, the conflicts and the victories of this transient life. Time is too fleeting and the world too perishing for her. She sings of the history and destiny of the soul, of the favor of God once lost by man and restored at infinite cost, of unseen angels guarding his wandering steps, of immortality in a world of light. Her songs are those of "Kings in exile" who sometimes catch glimpses of their native realms from some land of Beulah, and then hurry fearlessly onward with music through the intricate mazes and cold river that lie in their path.

With such themes, how can she ever be trivial? How can she stoop from her high vocation to cater for the low tastes of the multitude? And yet she has done so. Not satisfied with converting our temples of worship into election hustings, the

popular taste has laid its sacrilegious hands upon the "songs of the temple"

"Contactuque omnia foedant immundo."

Six days are not sufficient on which to sing Auld Lang Syne, Sweet Home, Bounding Billows and Bonnie Doon. The public taste requires their repetition on the seventh, and so imperious a mandate must be obeyed. Even the national anthem of England is no longer heard with dismay by our republican ears. Its position in a popular collection of church music, and the name of America which it now bears, have divested it of its former terrors, and shuddering patriots do not look up with consternation at the sound of "God save the King." A remedy is often found for such vagaries, by insisting upon consistency in all their particular. No better exposure of their absurdity can be made. It might not be amiss to suggest to those who would introduce into church music, martial airs and sentimental ballads, the use of their appropriate instruments; for even now they call up to the mind the sound of the drum and fife, or the Pandean pipes and barrel organ of the wandering minstrel.

But sacred music has not been reduced to such extremities that it need go forth to the highways for its materials, or pillage the wandering musician of his favorite and well worn tunes. The Past and the Present have their rich stores which they offer with lavish hand, and which the Future "may

not willingly let die.” And here religion may choose the fairest, the goodliest. Under the ceremonial law, none but a perfect, unblemished offering might be made. Those types have been realized; those shadows have passed away, but their spirit remains, and when we of our abundance may make an acceptable, a worthy offering, let us not seek the feeble, the sickly, the lame; rather let us still offer the ‘firstlings of the flock, the finest of the wheat and the oil.’

Another circumstance by which sacred music loses much of its dignity, is the rapid movement in which it is often performed. It has no appointed task which it must hasten to accomplish; no exacting task-master to chide and scourge its lingering steps. We live but a span of time, and the world around demands our unceasing toils, but the “King of Kings” will not chide us while we linger in his presence, and sing his praises with thoughtful, earnest reverence. Those who hurry onward with such flying haste, may excite our wonder by the skill of their execution, but they will only bewilder and confuse the mind; they leave far behind the devotional feelings unsympathizing and unmoved.

Far different is it when music lays aside all undignified and unseemly haste—her motions are not then like the fretful torrent chafing and tossing along its brawling course, but rather like the waves of the ocean which gather majesty and strength as they roll slowly onward.

Whatever advantage the performances of a select and skilful choir possess over the singing of a congregation in other respects, in point of dignity and majesty, they fall far short. The day may come, and though a distant, it will be an auspicious one for music, when its science and its art shall be so understood, that the voices of the great congregation shall rise as that of one man. Even now, when some well known air is sung by a mighty assembly, how powerfully are our feelings impressed. We seem to hear a voice rising like that of "many waters." We look about us for the sea of glass and the four and twenty elders, the immortal river and the tree of life on its banks—and though the new heavens with all their wonders are not revealed to our eyes, yet whether we are in the body, or out of the body, we can hardly tell.

Sacred music should also be characterized by variety of expression.

How tiresome is a dull unvarying monotony. Were the deep blue above never diversified with clouds or stars, we should soon grow weary of gazing. Were the surface of the earth one unbroken, unchanging green, it would be far less beautiful than now. Such is the analogy of all nature. An endless variety is hers. Thus is it too in art. The painter uses not a single color, nor delights in the multiplied repetition of a single figure, however beautiful it may be. The sculptor, though more restricted in the execution of his designs, aims to

condense in a single group, a long history of action or passion. How dull are the words of a lifeless speaker. A soporific more powerful than morphine are they.

"Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro."

So in music—the sweetest chords when prolonged grow tiresome. They are

*"A slumberous sound—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream."*

We listen impatiently for a change, and even a discord is a pleasant relief. This is true of music in its lowest sense, when uttering no articulate or intelligent language. But when "married to immortal verse," expression becomes to it what gesture and emphasis are to oratory. It is no servile, mechanical adherence to the "key of expression" with which the books of psalmody in use are garnished, that I mean. The immortal soul has in its own emotions a better guide than numerical figures, or the letters of the alphabet. When singing the words of Addison, Doddridge, Watts, Cowper and Montgomery, we need not be told by the "key of expression" that the letter *a* means very soft, *u* very loud, that the letter *d* is variously distinctive. Let us sympathize with the feelings which inspired those devout spirits, and we cannot mistake.

What has given celebrity to the famous vocalists of the world? Is it the volume of their voice

—or the quality of its tone, and the skill of their execution? It cannot be the former, for then the stentorian lungs of the town crier would place him on an equality in that respect—nor can it be the latter merely, for we often meet with those whose voices are of faultless tone, and whose skill in the modulation of them is unrivalled—but who are not the wonder of their age. Yet when to these qualities, a soul-like expression is added, we then have a Malibran, a Catalani, a Braham.

The latter has come in the decline of life to gain new laurels in this western world. Gently has the hand of time fallen upon the greatest of English vocalists. The fire of youth may have abated, and its elastic tread may have gone, but the firm step of manhood is still his. His hale and burly form is not bent, nor apparently weakened by age. His features not furrowed by wrinkles, retain their striking Jewish cast. Though his mighty voice may have lost its early power, it is thrilling still. When he sings, you no longer hear the hireling vocalist—a gifted improvisator stands before you, whose words pour forth, as it were, the inspiration of the moment. There is an eloquence, a pathos in his tones, which draw tears from the artificial and affected—and his earnest, expressive gestures speak no less audibly than his words. However rare and wonderful may have been his other powers, it is his deep pathos, his eloquent expression which have made Braham the first

singer of his time—which have almost elevated him to a rank with the orator and poet.

The last characteristic of sacred music which I shall mention, is unity—or the subordination of all the parts to one general design.

The primeval chaos contained the elements of nature confused and indistinct in its deep bosom, but “it was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” When the forming and quickening Spirit had moved upon the waters and there was light, it was not the light of a thousand suns pouring from their meridian height upon a new-born world—no eye might have looked upon that firmament, or the dazzling focus below. It was rather the serene light of day, revealing the varied and beautiful scenery of the earth, silvering its waters and casting deep shadows from its mountains. Neither the land nor the sea, the mountain nor the valley, the sunlight nor the shade singly make the landscape—its beauty lying rather in the harmonious blending of all those features.

So the artist copying from nature compels the numerous and various objects introduced into his picture to contribute to the unity of his general design. Were that picture glaring with light, or sombre with shade—were there no land, or were there no water, it would be a landscape no longer. It might indeed possess the characteristic of unity, but it would be the unity of light or darkness, or

some other which not even French ingenuity has found among the famous three of Aristotle.

In like manner, it is the aim of the musical composer to give expression to some one idea—to make all the details of his composition contribute to this, not allowing himself to wander in search of ornaments foreign to his subject, nor giving such undue prominence to any part as shall obscure and impair the general effect of the whole. That music, which, in its performance, should realize this idea, would leave nothing farther to be desired—it would be perfect in its kind.

In reference to this end, the composition of a choir, or the adjustment of its several parts, deserves a careful attention. To each should be assigned its due proportion of voices—nor should these parts bear a conflicting or divided sway. The lower should not drag down and stifle the harmony beneath their overpowering weight, nor should an excess of the higher render it frivolous and shrill. They should all mingle naturally and harmoniously, each softening and subduing, or giving life and spirit to the rest. When they thus unite, it is the full tone of a single instrument we seem to hear.

But not only should the constituent parts of a choir be thus adapted and proportioned to each other—the individual voices of its members should each maintain a subordinate position. I say individual voices, not because they should retain their individuality in a choir, but because they not un-

frequently do. The unity of the finest choir may be broken, and the general effect of their music destroyed by some individual acting under a sense of peculiar responsibility for the full exercise of his vocal powers. It is unfortunate that those voices which are peculiarly harsh and unpleasant, and which would naturally retire from notice, are often the first to court attention and demand to be heard.

Even the most melodious voice should not be too distinctly heard—it should rather be willing to lose its identity in contributing to the general effect. How beautiful are the snow-flake and the rain-drop—the one a starlike gem—the other a chrystal sphere—but they mingle with other flakes and drops beautiful as themselves, and the broad river in whose bosom they melt, is more beautiful than all.

It is when ministering at the altar of Religion that Music attains her noblest dignity. She has no higher vocation. Rich is the reward her services receive. She lends a single jewel—her brows are decorated in return with a diadem of regal beauty.

The names of Handel and Haydn—what imperishable honors have crowned them. They gave their wonderful powers to the commemoration of events with which religion has to do, and she gave them in return subjects for their powers, whose grandeur has never been equalled. The one sang of the Creation in the beginning of time,—the

other of the Messiah who came in the "fulness of time" to restore its lost glory to the first creation. He who has heard the mighty chorus of Haydn, in which the completion of the work of creation is celebrated—"The heavens are telling the glory of God," or the concluding chorus of the Messiah, in which the work of redemption is sung—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," will never forget them. We listen to their repetition with an interest which never tires. The Future will receive these master-pieces of art, as a precious legacy from the Past—and while she shall guard the rich treasures on which Religion has set her own imperishable seal, the names of Handel and Haydn shall not be forgotten.

Time would fail me to tell of others, from whom Religion has received the honor she has so richly repaid.

I might speak of Mozart, who, after a brilliant career of triumphs even from his extreme boyhood, died at an early age ere "his eye was dim or his natural force abated." It is affecting to recal the closing days of his life—how in the midst of his well earned fame, while those Laurels which shall never fade were fresh on his brows, that mysterious stranger came, who seemed to Mozart a messenger from the hidden world. The funeral mass which the stranger requested, he had a presentiment was to be his own dirge—and to its composition he devoted the full powers of his transcendent genius. From that moment his language was,

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Forbidding me to stay;
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away."

All the thoughts and emotions of his last days seem to be concentrated in the strains of that sublime requiem which still bears his name. It is made up of the tenderest and most soothing passages followed by wild bursts of passion, and all is inexpressibly mournful.

Thus did the stream of life flow back to the fountain whence it came. Swan-like, he passed away in music, and his requiem, like the swan's death song, is surpassingly sweet.

Beethoven, I might mention, whose compositions are like the dark and sublime creations of Salvator Rosa. How sorrowfully do we remember those long and dreary years, when deafness had visited him—that silent piano in his study, of which but a single string would respond to the touch of its unconscious master. Dreary and long those years doubtless were to one like him, yet amid that silence of the senses, what harmonies were heard by his soul—for it was during this period, that the sublimest of his masses was composed, which its great author mourned that he might never hear. But perhaps he is now where "the ears of the deaf are unstopped."

His death was like a strain of his own music. He did not, like Mozart, compose his own funeral dirge. He had a greater requiem—one worthy his own dark and wild genius—for the elements

were at war—the lightning flashing, and the thunder rolling, when the spirit of Beethoven passed from the earth.

Even the great names of Handel and Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven can expect but a slight remembrance from a world, which has a passing smile, delusive as it is bright, for her favorite servants, and then coldly forgetful, turns to those who will offer her some new amusement, some fresher novelty. Their abiding fame, their enduring honors are treasured up in their masses and oratorios, their sacred compositions. So shall the names of Sebastian Bach and Pleyel live.

Thus Religion is ever wont to honor her servants. While none are too humble for her to exalt, none are too noble for her to invest with a still higher dignity. She asks no sacrifice which she does not repay a thousand fold. She seeks no tribute which does not leave us richer than before.

How high is the destiny of Music. Were there no life beyond the present, she, like poetry and the sister arts, would be her "own exceeding great reward." But do we all sleep to wake no more? Oh no—there is another life, and the good shall all live again. This life is but the vestibule of the upper temple to which they hasten. Do we ask "how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" Shall the eye see, and the ear hear again in the spiritual world? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Yet an inspired apostle maketh answer; "Behold I show you a

mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." "There is a natural body" shrouded in a veil of flesh, its senses dull and slow, itself decaying with age. "There is a spiritual body" wearing no veil of time, with an eye never dim, an ear never dull, with perhaps other spiritual senses which now we know not of. The bonds of sympathy and affection often severed here, will without doubt be many of them united again in the celestial city. The love of the beautiful, the true and the good, which in many breasts burns with a low and faint, and in others with a restless and fitful flame, shall there glow with ethereal fire; shall find objects worthy its highest imaginings..

Landscapes are spread out there fairer than those over which sunset has fallen in golden showers from the pencil of a Claude Lorraine. Forms more glorious, and faces of higher intellectual beauty than the chisel of Canova or Thorwaldson has sculptured, give life to those scenes. The wall on which Leonardo da Vinci has painted the "Last Supper" is even now crumbling and its colors are dim, but its guests are there. The wounds of martyrdom are all healed, and they are strong in immortal youth. Other guests are

assembling, who shall at last sit down at a more joyful feast than Da Vinci has traced—his was a funeral—that shall be a marriage supper. The fading canvass and perishing marble shall never more shadow forth Raphael's Madonna, nor the Moses of Michael Angelo. Their originals are there, spiritual bodies now, more glorious than of old. The heirs of Paradise regained shall forget the glories of "Paradise lost," and Milton might wonder at the burning words in which their communion shall be held.

When all the bright ideals of art shall thus be realized, Poetry, Painting and Sculpture will be needed no more. Their work ceases with time. For Music is reserved a higher destiny. Her work is but commenced in the present life. Its consummation will require the unending ages of a life to come. To the great themes she has already sung, she shall add one more, for when

"This vain world shall pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day,
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth."

That event celebrated, and she too will have done with time. Then begins her unending song; it has commenced already, it rises now, though our dull senses heed it not, for still

"We are spirits clad in veils."

Without doubt, some hear it whom we have known. When they leave us here, we follow

them with tearful eyes, but they leave no visible path of light to show us where they have gone up through the canopy over us. We follow them with our voices to ask them what they see and hear in the world of spirits, but no answer comes. The silent and mysterious blue only echoes back our questions unanswered, unsatisfied.

"All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen."

Yet let us pass in thought, for a moment, beyond these mists of time.

It is night, solemn night. The earth is dark, for lowering clouds deepen the shades of evening. But beyond those low and damp vapors, how bright are the heavens! The stars are wheeling in their courses—"moving in mystic dance"—though to our eyes they seem motionless, like glittering islands sleeping in an ocean of fathomless blue. When astronomy points her telescope toward those azure depths, the nebulae and galaxies we now see resolve themselves into "worlds on worlds in phalanx deep," while far beyond, other nebulae and galaxies before unseen, are revealed numerous and dim as the mists of morning. And it has been supposed, that were our vision sufficiently keen, those blue interstices would appear all filled up with countless orbs. That sapphire arch would become one of the fabled carbuncle, all radiant with quenchless light. The more distant of those starry hosts do not change their apparent position for ages, but they are still in-

